THE CHURCH MONTHLY

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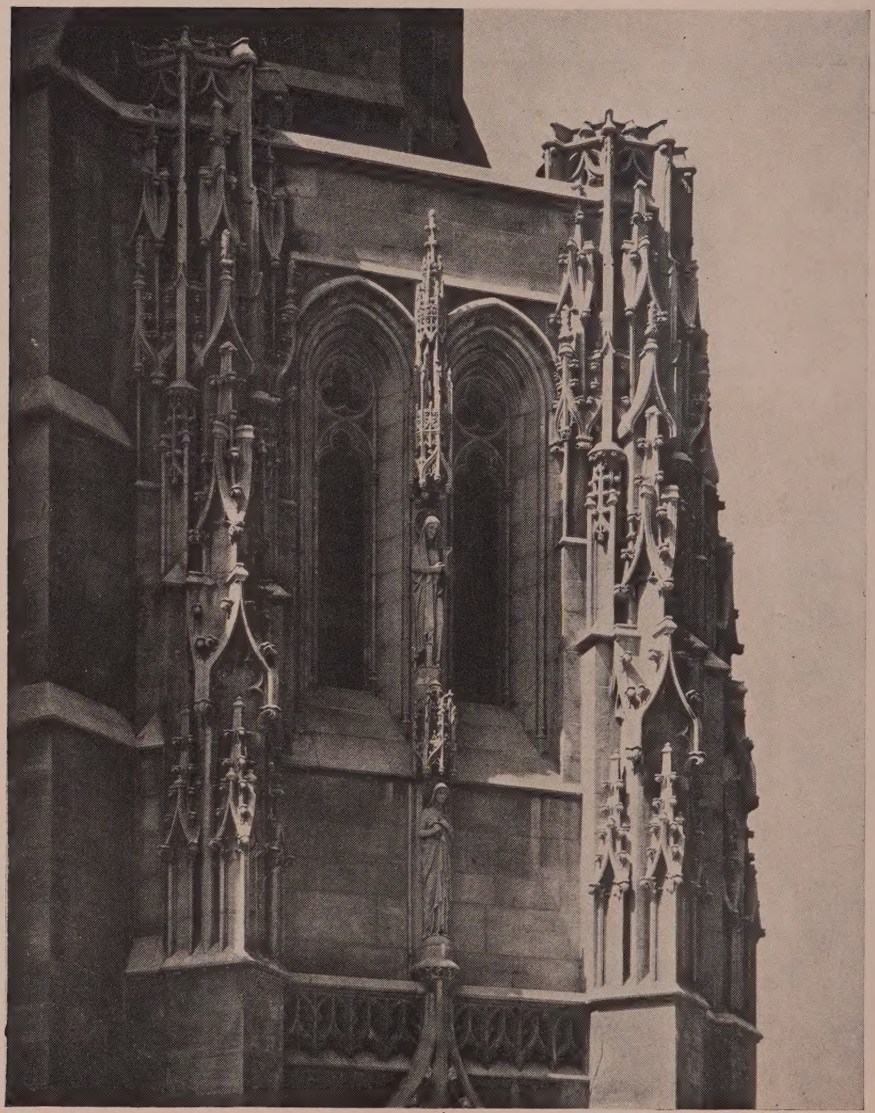

Photo by Frank Ehrenford

THE WOMAN'S PORCH OF THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

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The Personality of Jesus the Soul of Christianity

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ONCE more, in another Holy Week, we commemorate the events at once tragic and glorious in which the ministry of Jesus was fulfilled. Consider, then, the arresting fact that all these events, so central in Christianity, from Palm Sunday to Easter morning, were experiences of a person. Christianity is dominated by a person. Christianity issues in a philosophy, but Christians never have agreed just what the philosophy should be. Christianity issues in organizations, but Christians have seldom been in accord as to what the organizations ought to be. Christianity issues in an ethical system, but Christians have differed widely in their interpretation of it. Only one element is continuous in Christianity, the person of Christ himself. All Christians have always agreed that they believed in him.

As one hears religion discussed today one commonly meets the query as to what we believe. Turn back to the New Testament and no such idea is dominant. Remember Paul speaking to his young disciple saying, "I know whom I have believed." That is the historic origin, the vital center, the abiding continuum, the perpetual renewal of Christianity—I know whom I have believed.

Even those first Christians could not always have told just what they believed. They also lived in a confusing time, and between Christians with a Jewish background and Christians with a Greek background there were differences as deep as those which separate the Christians of today. But they always had one common meeting place; a person. They did know whom they had believed.

Now, this centralizing of religion in a person arouses today serious question and complaint. Some objectors say that it is little short of sentimental, not to say fantastic, thus to profess devotion to a personage who lived so long ago and whom we never saw. All well enough, they say, for those first disciples who lived with Jesus to dwell all their days under the spell of his personal remembrance. The unescapable influence of their lives inevitably was his looks, his ways, his words. How could Peter forget that hour in the high priest's court when he had denied that he knew Jesus and those eyes turned on him, looking unutterable things, and he went out and wept bitterly? How could John forget that moment at the foot of the Cross where he stood with Mary, the mother of Jesus, and from the dying lips heard the word that committed her to his keeping—"Woman, behold, thy son! . . . Behold, thy mother"?

To be sure, says this objector, those first disciples, living under the electric influence of his personal presence, always

found their deepest inspiration in their thought of him. But this is 1930. Long ago that human drama was played out in old Jerusalem. That there are lessons to be learned from it, abiding truths to be garnered there, granted! But to keep forever that personality central, to make Christianity a vital disciple-ship not to a philosophy or an organization or an ethical system only but to a person—that is sentimental and fantastic. There are many in these days who think that. So far from living under the spell of Jesus' personality is concerned, they think the advantage is with those first disciples. I am sure it is not. I am sure that the advantage is with us.

Consider this matter with reference to any important personality. If we had lived in Wordsworth's time, would we have understood him better than we do? Upon the contrary, there is not one chance in a million that we should have understood him in the least. So far as physical presence is concerned, we should have been fortunate to have caught a single glimpse of him at a distance. Probably we should not have desired even that. Wordsworth wrote a new style of poetry and many people did not like it. What is more, Wordsworth wrote all sorts of poetry, good, bad, and indifferent, and probably, living in his time, we should have had our perspective wrong and should not have realized how very great some of his writing was. Then, too, any man has personal mannerisms that blind the vision to his essential greatness. When Wordsworth spent a season in London, John Keats wrote to his brothers about him, "Wordsworth has left a bad impression wherever he visited in town." No, had we lived in Wordsworth's time there is not one chance in a million that we should have understood him.

We can, however, understand him now. The years have passed and, as always happens when we retreat from them, the hills descend but the mountains rise. Many minds have interpreted and illumined him. His great work stands out. His essential meaning has been clarified. You see, if it is a pugilist we wish to understand, we must see him in physical presence, but if it is a Wordsworth, we are fortunate to come a century afterwards.

That truth holds everywhere. Consider this comment, for example, written on one of our historic Americans: "His character can only be respectable while it is not known; he is arbitrary, avaricious, ostentatious; without skill as a soldier, he has crept into fame by the places he has held. His financial measures burdened the many to enrich the few. History will tear the pages devoted to his praise. France and his country gave him fame, and they will take that fame away." About whom was that written? George Washington. Who wrote it? We know infallibly that one of his contemporaries wrote it, standing so close to a mountain that he could not take it in. No wise man wishes that he had lived in Washington's time that he might have understood him. Wise men are thankful that they can stand far enough off to apprehend him now.

So it is with Jesus. You say you would like to have lived in ancient Palestine that you might have felt the inspiration of his personal presence. Not I! I do not trust myself enough. It must have been easy to be those Pharisees supporting a sacred system and thinking of Jesus as an upstart; it must have been easy to be those traders in the temple, angry at the disturbance of their economic peace by a self-appointed reformer; it must have been easy to be a Roman soldier taking it as part of the day's work to crucify one who had been condemned as Caesar's enemy; it must have been easy to be one of those first disciples who forsook him and fled. It is well that we came later!

Now, freed from physical limitation, he has become a spiritual presence. Innumerable lives have illumined his teachings and made them beautiful. History has paid its long tribute. The transient things, inevitable in him because he lived in the lim-

itations of first-century Judaism, have fallen from him, and the timeless and universal have stood out. The advantage in understanding him is not with those first disciples; it is with us. It is we who, if we would, could enter the great tradition of vital Christianity: "I know whom I have believed."

Strange to say, there is in our time another objection precisely the opposite of the first. The objectors say, not that this interpretation of Christianity in terms of a person is impractical, but that it is so practical and so powerful that it is dangerous. See what you do, they say; you exalt Jesus of Nazareth; you adore him; you see in him a unique exhibition of the divine life; and that is dangerous. So doing, you put authority in religion in the hands of an ancient personage and so chain your thinking back in the first century. The standard of reference in religion then becomes for you an ancient person: what did Jesus think? what did Jesus do? But Jesus faced only a few of our modern problems and, limited as he necessarily was by the first century in which he lived, shared ways of thinking now outgrown. You never, they say, will have a liberated Christianity until you break that personal bondage to Jesus. Roman Catholicism was built upon the infallible authority of an ancient church. Historic Protestantism was built upon the infallible authority of an ancient book. And now, having given up those ideas, they say, you are trying to construct Christianity upon the infallible authority of an ancient person. Unchain yourself from that past.

Many people are saying that today, sometimes saying it so urgently that one thinks he hears the echoes from Pilate's Praetorium: "Away with him, away with him."

Moreover, one must acknowledge that the objection is plausible. There does seem to be something to be said for it. First century Palestine! they exclaim—how could one who lived then teach us how to live now? In the last hundred years alone there has been more scientific progress than in all preceding history. Napoleon had no swifter means of travel than Nebuchadnezzar, but look at us now. One scientist says that we must expect in the next few years to be habitually flying five hundred miles an hour. And in such a world, they say, you ask us to go back to a first century Palestinian and say, "I know whom I have believed."

Nevertheless, my friends, for all the plausibility of that objection, it is not so difficult to answer as some people think. There are two areas in our experience, in one of which progressive change is very obvious, but in the other of which it is not by a long sea-mile so clear. You can go far back before Christ to prove that. Go even back to ancient Ruth, coming from Moab across the Jordan gorge to live with Naomi in Bethlehem on the Judean ridge. She thought that was a prodigious trip; it was only thirty miles. Ruth lived in a tiny world, where one mile seemed longer than a thousand to us. I have stood on the old border line between Moab and Judah and, looking up, have seen the Cairo-Bagdad air mail, three planes, headed east. Had Ruth seen that she would have fainted dead away. What progress we have made since then!

But step over from the external world of change into the interior world, and let Ruth talk with us. "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Does anyone here feel like condescending to her in that? Is it so obvious that we have made progress in that kind of loyalty? What if we could get more of it into some of our American homes?

Or again, consider the earliest Christians who, without favor or influence at first, conquered their generations by the sheer force of their spiritual quality. They

went out into that ancient world and, knowing how to live and die in peace and joy, persuaded men by the authority of blameless and victorious lives. We have had a long time to outgrow those early Christians. Does anybody here wish to condescend to them? Remember, they never rode in an automobile. They never saw a subway. They never went to a moving picture show. They never dreamed of an airplane. They never heard of the Copernican astronomy or organic evolution. But is there anybody here who wishes to condescend to them?

You see, there are two realms in one of which progressive change is swift, kaleidoscopic, but in the other, O my soul! how difficult it is to live up to some ancient standards! Some people talk about spiritual progress as though it were a mere matter of chronology, as though, because Tennyson came after Shelley he would be the better poet. Tennyson came after Aeschylus but, much as I enjoy Tennyson, there is, I suppose, no question that Aeschylus is greater. Why are we building our new church in Gothic? We have had a long time to outgrow Gothic but when it comes to a kind of architecture that will make people want to pray, we have not outgrown Gothic. That is the plain fact of the matter.

What, then, is the fact about Jesus? Have we outgrown him? Is that our problem with him? Is it not rather that he and the things he stands for are so far ahead of us it is difficult for us to live up to him?

Now, I do not believe in infallible authorities in religion—not church, or book, or person. As that phrase is commonly employed, Jesus would be the first to protest against being called an infallible authority. Who was it said: "When he, the Spirit of truth is come, he shall guide you into all the truth?" That is Jesus. He never supposed he was closing the development of the Gospel. He thought he was starting it. He never supposed he was shutting the door against further thought. He supposed he was opening it.

That is always true of great authorities. Go to Mr. Edison and say, You are an authority on electricity; you have said the last word. How indignantly he would reply, I have not said the last word; I have said some of the first words! So was it with Jesus. He opened the door. He blazed the trail. He launched the ship. He struck the key note. He is an authority, not because he said the last word but because he said the first word, and we are trying yet to live up to it.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Anybody here feel penned back in the first century by that? "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love to one another." Anybody chained back in the first century by that? "Whatsover ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." Anybody confined in first century Palestine by that? No, my friends, the fact is that he and those things for which he stood are ahead of the twentieth century as they were of the first, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

This being true, let us for a moment carry this lesson out into our daily life and watch it operate. In the first place note that always the powerful influences in our lives are persons, not abstractions so much as examples, not principles so much as people. That began in the family. As children we were molded by fathers and mothers. The contagion of their personalities was more powerful far than the logic of their admonitions, and while we may have forgotten much they said we certainly have not forgotten them. At Easter time the memory of some of them rises in our thought, very potent, reminding us how tremendous are the personal influences that sway our lives.

Even when we get as far away from the family as a Great War, we do not escape this basic principle of human life. Listen

to Marshal Foch: "Every soldier," says the marshal, "must see his General—must feel himself in communication with him, and never be allowed to consider himself merely a poor pawn maneuvered by an unknown power." In every realm, from a family circle to a Great War, we are swayed by personal leadership.

There is no use, then, in trying to thin out religion into abstract propositions as though things which we believe were the power of it. The power of religion always has lain in its personal incarnations, in those flaming lives where faith found a living vehicle, and Christianity, in particular, has always found its power in Christ.

"All glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King"—

our first hymn this morning was written by a Roman Catholic.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name"—

the second, was written by a Protestant.

"My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy Word,
But in thy life the Law appears
Drawn out in living characters"—

a Fundamentalist wrote that.

"O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free"—

a Modernist wrote that.

Amid all the divergencies that separate us this one thing keeps us together and makes Christianity Christian: we know whom we have believed.

How many here would bear testimony to the vital significance of this in their private religious experience? David Livingstone, for example, was a Scotchman and he had a Scotch theology in the background of his mind, but as he trekked those dreadful journeys through the African jungles he tells us of something else altogether with which he cheered his lonely and sometimes desperate way. He says he used to sing,

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast."

Make what you will out of that philosophically, there is no question about the significance of it psychologically. Always the great inspirations of life are personal.

Allow this testimony. I have had a chance this year to hear only one sermon. Returning early from the summer holiday I had one opportunity to sit as a worshipper in the pew and listen to my colleague Dr. Ross. I have lived all this year on the inspiration of that sermon. He said he was going to make it simple. He did. He simply made Christ real. Behind the controversies, disputes, and doubts of modern Christianity he reconstructed in our imaginations the personality of Jesus. I thought I saw again that glorious figure in a fresh light, and I went out, my feet I hope upon the ground, but my head in the sky, saying, I know whom I have believed.

Moreover, this approach to Christianity leads us to solid intellectual conviction in religion. Doubtless to some of you what we have been saying must have seemed dangerously near to being sentimental. No, not sentimental, this is the approach to intellectual conviction in religion. For consider: under the spell of modern science and its ability with meticulous accuracy to prove its propositions, we religionists are forced to the test of proving our views of life. Demonstrate them, the world says to us, and if you cannot prove them, drop them. But the greatest things in life cannot be proved. We can accurately demonstrate the length of an air wave or the proposition that heat expands and cold contracts, but when somebody sings: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," we cannot demonstrate that. We cannot demonstrate God; we cannot demonstrate immortality; we cannot even demonstrate that goodwill is better than ill will or that magnanimity is beautiful. In consequence, multitudes of people are confusedly upset. They want assurance in religion. Where shall they find it?

"Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!"

But there is one realm where we do not get dusty answers in the least—in personal relationships. In personal relationships we run upon this major fact, that many things

(*Continued on Page 173*)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL Spirit, high above us and yet within us all, we worship Thee. Long we have believed in Thee but we are not satisfied; we would commune with Thee. Long we have endeavored to serve Thee but we are not content; we would be inwardly illumined and empowered by Thee, our hearts a trysting place where we meet God. Long we have argued for Thee but we are not content; we would this day not so much speak of Thee as with Thee.

O God, forgive us that despite the open doors of Thy mercy we have wandered so waywardly; despite Thy provision of a life hid with Christ in Thee we have walked in spiritual rags and tatters and have lived in low fellowships when we might have been Thy friends. Lift us up into an hour of high communion. Discourage in us all low and feeble moods. Strengthen in us all that is excellent and beautiful, august, and of a good report. Blow upon us, thou winds of God and drive the mists and fogs of our soul away and give us a day of clear shining. Flood upon us, Thou fountains of the Eternal that our barren spirits may bloom again and be enriched.

O Thou Who art the source of all joy, strengthen us that we may deal with our joys nobly. We thank Thee for them. They are not of our own making; they have been bought with a price. On every side Thou hast multiplied Thy benedictions. For the beauty of nature in which Thou hast housed us like royal children in a palace we thank Thee. For great books, great music, great art, for prophets, saints, and martyrs, by whose insights our lives have been illumined and by whose sacrifices our benedictions have been bought we thank Thee. Lift us up, we beseech Thee, into the spirit of gratitude and appreciation. Save us from walking in a rich world yet being poor because our eyes are holden and our hearts calloused and insensitive. Save us from being hurt by any prosperity that may rise upon us. From all boasting, from all vainglory, from all haughtiness and pride of spirit, good Lord, deliver us!

O Thou Who art the compassionate helper of those who struggle with life's difficulties, strengthen us that we may deal nobly with our troubles. Save us from self-pity. We who are born of the breed of soldiers, help us to fight the good fight with all our might without flinching or cowardice. Give us the high grace that our fathers have known, not simply to endure our troubles but to use them, rise above them, be superior to them, and to build them into the strong fabric of our characters.

O Thou Who art the great friend of all the sons of men, help us nobly to use our friendships. For the lovely and redeeming ties that weave us into the fabric of our families, we bless Thy name. We raise before Thee in remembrance those names which in our hearts are written sacredly in deep affection. For family and friends here and everywhere we pray to Thee. If dust has settled upon any holy relationship in our life, breathe upon it and blow it quite away. Reillumine our households with love. Bring to our memories those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile and lift us up into so elevated an altitude of spirit this day that we may walk in high spiritual companionships with the noble living and the noble dead.

O God, Who from the beginning art the great worker and dost give us this honor that we should be Thy fellow-work-

ers, help us to handle nobly our social obligations. Make us Christians not for a day but at all times and in all relationships. May the spirit of our worship go with us into household, office, and citizenship that all we have prayed for this day may become real in sobriety of life, integrity of character, kindliness of attitude and devotion to every good cause upon earth. Especially we beseech Thee for all who labor, for juster conditions in industry and for the world's peace and brotherhood. Be Thou the architect of their plans and gather around them the maintenance of faithful men and women everywhere.

O God, send out Thy benediction upon Thy church. Help us to Christianize Christianity and wherever Thy people of whatever name or sign lift up hearts of sincere prayer to Thee this day, do Thou come down to illumine, instruct, empower. We ask it in the Spirit of Christ. Amen.

▽

SERMON

(*Continued from Page 171*)

are knowable that are not demonstrable. Underline that: *In personal relationships things are knowable which are not demonstrable.*

You ask some of us to demonstrate what we know about the character of our fathers and we are helpless. We cannot demonstrate it but we know it. We know it more firmly than we know the new astronomy, for it is entirely conceivable that some fresh knowledge might upset the new astronomy, but nothing ever can upset what some of us know about our fathers. And if you ask us how we got that knowledge, there is no truer statement than our text: I know whom I have believed. Our relationship with our fathers began in a venture of faith in them. We moved out along that venture of faith in them to experience with them, and experience with them deepened into knowledge of them, the most vital and valuable knowledge in the world. In personal relationships we know many things that are not demonstrable.

Understanding this, my friends, would clear up half our difficulties about faith. You say we have no business to substitute faith for knowledge. You are right. You are absolutely right. We have no business to substitute faith for knowledge but in personal relationships the only way we ever get knowledge is by faith. All friendship starts in faith. We believe in some one and through belief in some one we move out into experience with some one, and experience with some one deepens into knowledge of some one. Over every beautiful friendship in human history this motto runs: I know whom I have believed.

We need not be surprised, then, that a high religion like Christianity uses this principle. We well may be agnostic about many propositions in religion. We try to think about them as clearly as we can, consider them as rationally as we may, and push out as far toward the truth as we can go, hoping that our children will see further. But at the center there is conviction: a great life has been given to us in Christ. We do believe in him. As George Matheson put it, "Son of Man, whenever I doubt of life, I think of Thee." And, my friends, some lovely consequences have come upon this earth in folk who cherished this spiritual fellowship and gradually, across the years, grew like the Great Companion with whom they lived.

Prayer

Eternal Spirit, we have talked about Thy gracious and glorious revelation. Help us to go out, we beseech Thee, to live upon it now. Lead our hearts up toward Thy son, Christ Jesus. Make him daily more real to us and as today we remember that multitude in ancient Jerusalem who welcomed him with resounding Hosannahs and within the week were crying, "Crucify," grant unto us Thy grace that the welcome which our hearts have given to him in this hour may never have so sad an ending. Amen.

A Sermon Preached at Temple Beth-El, New York, April 13, 1930.

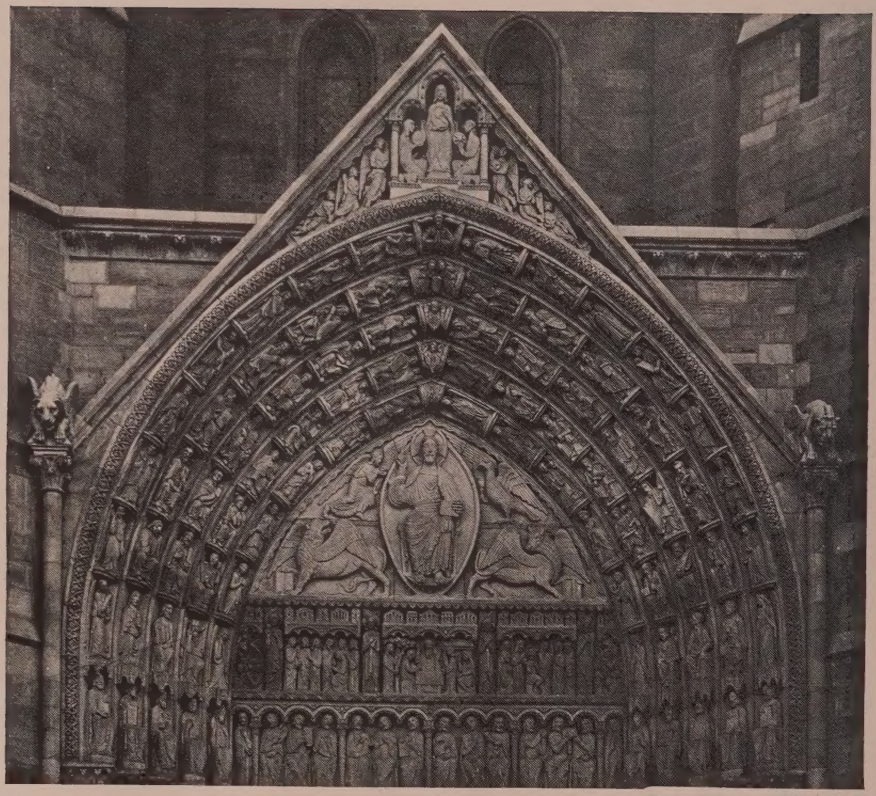

Photo by Frank Ehrenford

THE TYMPANUM OF THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

Exterior Stone of the Riverside Church

By Eugene C. Carder

(Note: It is proposed to tell in the pages of The Church Monthly, during the next few issues, the story of the ornamentation of the Riverside Building. We will take up respectively, the exterior stone, the interior stone, the stained glass, the woodwork and the wrought iron.)

The West Portal

The central thought in the story which is told in carved stone in the main doorway of the church on Riverside Drive, is represented in the figure of Christ which occupies the center of the tympanum. This conception is built around the story in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, and particularly the thirty-seventh verse, in which Christ has gone outside the city and is looking down upon it while his heart yearns, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" The architectural device which traditionally has been used for suggesting the elevation of a figure above the immediate surroundings is a cloud-band placed beneath the picture. So, in this instance, a narrow ribbon of cloud can be seen if one looks closely. The band runs across the entire tympanum just below the seated figure of the Christ. The symbols of the four evangelists surround the figure of Christ. Here you will see the Angel representing Matthew; the Lion for Mark, the Eagle for John and the Bull representing Luke.

Beneath the cloud-band there is a panel at the top of which the architecture of a city is represented, with a series of towers and turrets, suggestive of the ancient city over which Christ brooded, as also, in this great modern city, he will look out over the traffic and life for many years to come.

On the lower part of this same panel is pictured a scene presumably inside of a home and suggestive of the struggle between good and evil that is eternally going on in the lives of people. The father stands behind the table with his family divided before him. On the right they move off toward self-indulgence, which scene shows the culmination of evil—not omitting the proverbial fire and pitchfork. To the left the good elements in the family and in human nature have triumphed and the upward looking are moving off toward spiritual growth, health and understanding, toward salvation in its highest sense, here represented by the traditional heaven and its angels.

The panel below this one, which forms the base of the tympanum, is broken into four sections with three niches in each in which are representations of the twelve Apostles. There is no attempt here to identify the particular men. They simply stand as symbols for the Twelve whom Christ chose. At either end of this series is a guardian angel.

One's first consideration in viewing this great door should be given to the tympanum, for there is pictured the central idea which the composition represents. It is the Christ, high and lifted up, overlooking the eternal traffic of the city shuttling back and forth on the Drive; the Christ saying again, as he did in that ancient day, "How often would I have gathered thy children —and ye would not!"

In addition to the characters and figures used to tell the story in the tympanum it-

self there are fifty-two other characters in carved stone incidental to the main theme. As one faces the door from the Riverside Drive there are five figures standing on the left and five on the right, just above the steps. They are, in affect, ushers through whose files the congregation passes in and out. On the left they are Isaiah, Jeremiah, Hosea, Amos and Micah, the series of significant prophets whose words have had peculiar meaning in the development of the Christian religion. On the right are five friends of Jesus, St. Simeon, St. Stephen, St. Paul, St. Barnabas and St. Timothy. Between the great wooden doors, facing directly on the Drive, stands another figure representing the Beloved Disciple John. Thus symbolically there surrounds the congregation as it enters and leaves the building, the men who stood for the prophecy of the Old Testament the warm fellowship of the New Testament and the intimate friendliness of men with the Christ.

There remain still to be treated the five arches which follow up from the columns in which the prophets stand on one side and the friends of Jesus on the other. The bottom figure of each arch on either side is a figure symbolic of one of the Commandments, reading from left to right and from one to ten. For the purpose of identifying the various arches therefore, we will call each arch by the number of the commandment.

Arch I, the outer ring of the composition, has in it sixteen figures in addition to the commandment figures I and X. These figures are angels symbolic of the inspiration associated with great works. The second ring carries fourteen of the great scientists of all time. In the order in which they are placed in the arch they are as follows: Hippocrates, 460-337 B. C.; Euclid, 300 B. C.; Archimedes, 287-212 B. C.; Hipparchus, 160-125 B. C.; Paré, 1517 1590; Galileo, 1564-1642; Kepler, 1571-1630; Newton, 1644-1727; Dalton, 1766-1844; Faraday, 1791-1867; Darwin, 1809-1882; Pasteur, 1822-1895; Lister 1827-1912; and Albert Einstein, 1879.

Arch III is composed of philosophers. In order from left to right they are: Pythagoras, 582-500 B. C.; Socrates, 470-399 B. C.; Plato, 429-347 B. C.; Epicurus, 342-270 B. C.; Aristotle, 384-322 B. C.; Seneca, 4 B. C.—65 A. D.; Epictetus, 94 A. D.; Plotinus, 204-270 A. D.; Thomas Aquinas, 1225-1274; Descartes, 1596-1650; Benedict Spinoza, 1642-1677; Immanuel Kant, 1744-1804; George Fredrick Hagel, 1770-1831; Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882. The arch of Religion is Arch IV. Beginning from left to right the great religious leaders included in this arch are: Moses, Confucius, 550-478 B. C.; Buddha, 552-482 B. C.; Mohammed, 580-632 A. D.; Origen, 185-253 A. D.; St. Francis of Assisi, 1182-1226; Alighieri Dante, 1267-1321; Martin Luther, 1483-1564; Calvin, 1509-1564; John Bunyan, 1628-1680; John Milton, 1608-1675; William Carey, 1761-1834; David Livingstone, 1813-1873. The inner arch is an arch of angels.

There is a series of pictures adorning the caps of the columns on either side of the main door. Here is told in chronological order the story of Christ's life. In these delicately carved figures the sculptor has pictured a series of incidents including the three Wise Men from the East, the Nativity Scene, the Slaughter of the Innocents, the Flight into Egypt and the Boy in the Temple. There are also a number of outstanding incidents in the active life of the Saviour pictured, including a few of the miracles, the incident of the woman at the well in Samaria, the raising of Lazarus, the triumphal entry, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL DOOR

The central theme of this composition in stone is the Nativity. The carving of this picture was done on the job and has

Photo by Frank Ehrenford

THE SEVEN KINGS

been a particularly interesting development to watch. In the lintel below the tympanum there are pictured the stages of life; first, the child at birth the growing child, maturity, marriage, and the completion of the circle of life with the coming of a child into the family. This lintel rests on two brackets, one of which symbolizes good and the other evil. The symbols in the four columns represent respectively, air, ether, fire and water. Sitting on top of the four columns are scribes and historians, presumably keeping the record of the events that pass before them. In the two arch rings which form the recess for the tympanum and the lintel are the signs of the Zodiac arranged according to the months of the year and the particular characteristics associated with each month.

SEVEN KINGS

Above the main door and just below the west rose window occur seven heroic figures standing in deeply recessed niches overlooking the west portal, the traffic of Riverside Drive, the park and the river beyond. These kings are respectively, reading from left to right; David, Solomon, Marcus Aurelius, Augustine, Constantine, Charlemagne and Alfred.

THE ARCH-ANGELS AT THE BASE OF THE TOWER

Just above the ridge of the nave on the four corners of the tower, each in a niche that is crowned with a canopy characteristic particularly of Chartes Cathedral, stand four arch-angels. St. Gabriel representing the loyal dignity of God, a messenger angel, occupies the niche at the southwest corner. St. Raphael stands on the northwest corner representing the chief of the guardian angels whose motto is, "God is my health," and who carries a staff and gourd as symbols of his office. St. Uriel, traditionally known as an interpreter of prophecy and whose motto is "God is my Light," finds a place in a niche on the southeast corner. The remaining niche, that on the northeast corner, houses St. Michael. He is shown with a javelin transfixing a dragon, Stan, at his feet. Thus the tower rises from a square base, the corners of which are surrounded with the angels—St. Gabriel, St. Raphael, St. Uriel and St. Michael.

One who is interested in the decorative features in the stone work of the exterior of the building, particularly such as have a definite symbolic meaning, will go around to the north end of the building and find in the apse, facing one hundred and twenty-second Street, some interesting features.

The Angels of the Apocalypse

On a line with the roses of the clerestory apse windows, just below the rail at the top of the clerestory, are found six niches in which appear the angels of the Apocalypse, from the Book of Revelation. If one were able to get up close enough to identify their symbolism and to check it against the story in the last book of the Bible they would be found to respond to the following description: First, there is an angel holding a replica of a Cathedral or Church, symbolizing the angels who represented the seven churches of the Apocalypse. The second angel holds a book sealed with the seven seals. The third holds the seal of the living God (Revelation 7:2). The fourth carries a golden censer (Revelation 8:3). This angel loosed the seven angels with the seven pests. The angel occupying the fifth niche has a trumpet and symbols of fire and water, representing the seven angels of destruction. The sixth and last of the series is the angel with a rainbow over his head and holding in his hand a sealed book, symbolic of the sealing of the thunders and that there will be no more time.

The Resurrection Angel

On the ridge pole of the roof, at the north end, silhouetted against the sky, stands the Angel with the Trumpet. A young Chinese woman who has been living at International House during the past year, when she was about to leave for her home in the Orient, said, "There is just one thing I would like to take back with me from your church. It is the angel blowing the trumpet that stands on the ridge pole." Many people confuse this angel with Gabriel, presumably because we associate Gabriel with the trumpet, although as a matter of fact, that is not a fair definition to make and this is not Gabriel but rather, as here and elsewhere over the world on cathedrals and churches, this figure represents the Resurrection Angel. He stands here as he stands elsewhere, as a reminder that all must die and presumably is calling to the city to bear this message in mind.

ARCH ANGEL AT THE BASE OF THE TOWER

THE WOMAN'S PORCH

At the northwest corner of the building there is a porch which is more or less a separate architectural feature from the rest of the church. The architects have here followed the precedent established on many a cathedral abroad, that of introducing in a certain portion of the building, more or less independent in its character, a motif somewhat different from that which dominates the main conception. The so-called Woman's Porch at the Northwest corner has such a place in the architecture of the Riverside Church. It gets its name, "The Woman's Porch," from the fact that the sculptured figures, two of them looking north and two west, are figures of four women out of the Bible. Their good works, unchallenged character and consistent womanliness are known to us. Mary and Martha are the two who are facing north. The story of these two women is perhaps as well known as any that the Bible contains. Mary's folded hands are the symbol of her interest in spiritual things rather than her interest in household duties. Eunice and Lois, mother and grandmother of St. Timothy, look out across Riverside Drive toward the west. These are the women of whom Paul, writing to Timothy, the young man whom he wished to inspire and whose confidence and assurance he wished to stir up, said: "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in they grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also." (II Timothy 1:5) They stand here as two good women whose recommendation the Apostle Paul so readily and enthusiastically gave. They represent for us the good women of all time whose "unfeigned faith" has blessed their sons and daughters to the third and fourth generations.

The door in this porch has around it in the central arch, a series of most interesting carved figures, the symbolic meaning of which we have already discovered is of great interest to the passerby. The carving of these symbolic pictures has been done on the job. Since the work is close to the sidewalk those who have passed by during the late spring and early summer of 1930 have been most closely interested concerning the meaning of it all. For the information of those who may pass that way in the future and are curious enough about the meaning that is behind the artist's skillful work, we give herewith the list of subjects treated in this arch around the doorway. The Dove in the center represents the Holy Spirit; the Pelican—Piety; the Passion Flower—Sorrow; the Swan—Pride; the Columbine—seven gifts of the Holy Spirit; Beehive—Labor and Chastity; Strawberry—Good Works; the Lily—Purity; the Peacock—Immortality; the Violet—Humility; the Butterfly—Resurrection; Ant—Industry; Daisy — Innocence; Owl — Wisdom; Rose — Martyrdom; the Heron and the Hen with her chicks—Motherhood.

CLOISTER ENTRANCE

Four figures are a part of the architectural decoration of the cloister entrance on Claremont Avenue. Above the door stand three figures representing in their respective characters the qualities of Faith, Hope and Charity. St. Paul represents Faith; St. Francis, Hope; St. Martin, Charity. Lower down and on the south side of the facade of the headhouse stands a lone figure, as though he were keeping watch by the door. He represents Masseiah, the Keeper of the Threshold, as recorded in Jeremiah 35:4. It is presumed that he finds satisfaction in standing thus humbly beside the Cloister Entrance of the church in the realization that being a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord is preferable to dwelling in the tents of the wicked.

This very routine story of the meaning of the particular symbols and characters in the decorative stone work of the exterior of the church by no means presumes to tell the story of the beauty of the structure. The stone, the beautiful tracery in the windows, particularly in the roses of the clerestory, the buttresses balistrades and

(*Continued on Page 183*)

Our Own Acre of Alaska

By Margaret T. Applegarth

Any map can turn into a friendlier piece of paper when you can place your finger on a definite inch of it and say: "Right here I know somebody!"

Nowadays, when all the world and his wife seems to be taking a summer trip to Alaska, members of the Riverside Church can feel a special interest in a small patch off the main coastline of Alaska called Kodiak, on Wood Island, for here there is a Baptist Orphanage where Miss Pearl Wooton is, who works as the new representative of our Women's Society, adopted at the May meeting.

We remember reading somewhere two years ago that when Miss Wooton was on her way to Kodiak, the steamboat landing became, overnight, riotously noisy and distracting due to an enormous number of chickens she was taking with her in crates. . . . . Are you picturing the bated breath and tense excitement with which the little orphans of Alaska welcomed these new charges?

Unfortunately, at this writing it has not been possible to find the latest news of these interesting children or of Miss Wooton's work, but two unforgetable stories of their adventures a few years ago will show what picturesque young humans they are. For instance, there was the new boy, so completely new to orphanages with upstairs and downstairs and bath tubs that initiation was necessary, and the house mother assigned an older wiser orphan to make the rites of bathing clear. Step number one was filling the tub. The two boys stood earnestly watching the water rise inch by inch from the astonishing spigot, when the older orphan was called away, "Watch the tub!" he warned the novice.

This was not hard to promise. Who could have guessed that anything so surprising as a miniature sea upstairs in one's own home could be made at one's own will? Water in outdoor oceans he knew, and water in waterfalls, and water in snow or ice. But water in tubs was unbelievable. Fascinated he watched the tub fill half full, three quarters full, entirely full; then with much splashing the overflow slopped wetly down to the floor and formed a menacing pool about the soles of his first and beloved pair of boots. A sickening wonder came over him that he might be about to drown in the interests of loyalty to a promise, for nothing would make him turn coward in the eyes of that older and honored orphan. But the flood grew fast, and this Alaskan Noah had no dry land! Suddenly the older orphan rushed in: "What in the world's the matter here? Didn't I tell you to watch that tub?

"But I *am* watching it!" cried the poor hero proudly. Whereupon a fuller initiation in the way of tubs began.

There is also the sad tale of Sonia, the orphanage cow, whose wrecking disposition was such that no sooner had the boy orphans planted neat rows of vegetables than Sonia must walk around to inspect the work and nibble each new sprig of green. She was such a nuisance, and when neither prayer nor long-continued discipline could improve her behavior, and when even her milk was unsatisfactory, it dawned on everyone at once that to put Sonia up in bottles for winter use would give the cooking class something new to do, and solve many a menu problem.

(*Continued on Page 183*)

Men's Class Tug Boat Outing

THE annual Tug Boat Outing of the Men's Class took place on Saturday, June 14th. This event for many years has been one of the outstanding activities on the Class program. Shortly before one o'clock the tug, trimmed in red, pulled into Pier 84 N. R., ready for the run up the Hudson to Hook Mountain. Through the long corridor leading to the pier one could see the members and their friends, dressed in outing-fashion, coming to the boat. Some were hurrying for the hour of departure was close at hand. Fortunately, everybody remembered the proclamation of Bob Munro that, "orders have been given to the Captain to pull out promptly at one o'clock."

The gang plank was thrown down. The food, a whole taxicab full, which had been brought to the pier by George Heidt and Cecil Kite, was packed away in the tiny, tidy kitchen of the tug. The party got aboard and examined the craft, the river, and the sky, for it looked like rain.

Where was Davis Thoms with his moving picture camera? At the last minute he came running, for, as he explained later, he misread the notice and went to street 84 instead of to pier 84. He was instantly forgiven because we knew he left the office on time. Pictures were taken as the men waved and cheered and exchanged gay remarks appropriate to the occasion.

Sturdy sailors loosened from the pier the big manilla ropes that screeched as the tug, tossed by the waves, pulled against them. Everything was astir on board. The engines gave clear evidence of motion. There was a quiver, and then a low deep whistle,

TUG BOAT OUTING

as only an old sea-worthy tug can make. We steamed out into the Hudson, away from the day's toil and nervous press, toward larger horizons. We were off!

All morning the fog enveloped the city. The day promised not a few disappointments. However, no sooner had we set sail, than the low hanging sky lifted, the sun burst through and it was warm and beautiful. The ride to Hook Mountain took two hours. It seemed very much shorter.

We sped along past the Riverside Church at 122nd Street, where we could get a marvelous view of the new building from the river. The Medical Center stood high up to our right, majestic-like. Then we moved under the Hudson River Bridge, which tremendous size is all the more imposing when viewed from the river beneath. The scenic beauty along the river is a delight to any traveler. Flanked by the Palisades on the one side, and on the other, by the ever changing skyline of the city and towns, we had a kaleidoscopic view of half a hundred alluring points. Many of the men, familiar with them, made comments about them.

Bob Munro, known on other tug boat outings, for his generosity in taking care of the enjoyment of the party, opened a fresh box of cigars and passed them out to those who felt equal to them. Many sprawled out on deck in the sun, or sat in camp chairs watching the river's traffic, and the green hills that ran down to its edge.

A double-quartette was assembled by Judson League in front of the pilot's cabin, and there sang many a song of other days, both tuneful, and good to listen to. The swish of the salt water foamed close at our feet, and flashed silver-like in the sun.

Hook Mountain loomed into view at a bend in the river. Our pilot had a little difficulty in making a quick landing, despite the fact that great rolls of sand and mud were dug up by the propellers. It was just three o'clock.

Now to the field for a game. Teams were organized on the way up. Each team had fourteen or more men on it. W. S. Richardson and H. B. Rosier did themselves justice as umpires despite their repeated attempts to equalize the score. After several innings it was evident that a tug-of-war to the bitter end must follow. Two or three men played with Chester Stevens at first base, while four or five veterans protected and blocked second. Albert Gubelman led the uproarous cheering along the sidelines. The score mounted and even when Davis Thoms caught for the opposite side, no difference could be seen. Dr. Carder deceived the batters with his furious curves and curious twists. Harry Fish was unanimously awarded the catchers' laurels for bravery behind the bat.

It was in the fifth inning that several of the players were attracted by the shade of the trees. The teams diminished in size. The game grew more intense. It ended with the score increasing. Of course there were a few skinned ankles and barked knees. Charles Boehrer viewed the game from a distance with his binoculars when he was not peering into the trees for birds. One would think Arthur Planteroth had wide experience taking pictures for the movies. He stepped about through difficult and dangerous places facilely, to get shots of outstanding plays. These will be reproduced on the screen sometime during the Fall months at the social gatherings on Men's Night, provided there is no violent objection that friends get a look at them.

Following the game some wandered across the hills, others jumped into the river for a swim. Leaving time came all too soon.

Promptly at five o'clock Harry Fish signalled to the pilot of the tug, who made several long, gruff, whistles, thus calling the party together. We were soon aboard after a few more pictures had been taken, and off for New York.

Believe it or not, the kitchen of the tug, suddenly filled as if by magic with those

offering their services to help prepare the supper. Progress was made, however. Bob Munro handled the franks. George Heidt and Davis Thoms prepared the gingerale and coffee. W. S. Richardson and George Kemp passed along the rolls and sandwiches. A half dozen others assisted with the ice cream and cake and other comestibles. The mess line formed on the starboard side, got the main course, passed to the bow and around to the door opposite, for drinks. Desserts were picked up as the line encircled the boat. Many requests were made for a third or even a fourth helping, prefaced usually by the remark that, "I dropped mine in the water," or, "I gave it to one of the crew." That was a hungry crowd, and it was a good thing that the food committee made ample provision.

Supper over in an hour or so, we sat out in the cool of the evening and chatted over the happenings of the trip, and of other days long past, as the tug puffed along. The outing was marked by good, hearty sociability. Each cooperated in fine spirit, and contributed his share to make the occasion a memorable one.

Stopping at 129th Street many got off. The rest went to 44th Street. A few were left on and proceeded with the tug to Long Island. It was a perfect day and a perfect outing. We hope that another Tug Boat Outing may be planned for the late summer. Three cheers to the Committee, and to our President, Bob Munro, and others who made this ride possible.

Cecil Kite

▽

Our Own Acre of Alaska

(*Continued from Page 180*)

A few years ago there was a devastating fire at the orphanage which did much damage. Therefore it is to a new building and a much better equipment that Miss Wooton has gone. We shall hope to have definite news of her work to print sometime soon. (For the Women's Society.)

Exterior Stone

(*Continued from Page 179*)

pinnacles, combine to create the impression of stability and beauty which the building gives. This story of the particular symbolism of certain decorative features is told in detail for the sake of those whose curiosity leads them to ask just what each figure actually means. In the May issue of The Church Monthly we wrote a more or less imaginative article concerning the gargoyles on the building. We have attempted nothing in this particular article except in connection with the carved figures in stone that adorn the various motifs.

We have of course not considered as subjects for our use in this decorative scheme, men and women now living. We have made, however, one exception to this general rule. That exception occurs in the Arch of Scientists around the tympanum of the west portal. In the process of elimination by which we arrived at the fourteen figures who would occupy this arch we found that the advisors with whom we talked, all of whom were themselves scientists of no mean standing, agreed that Dr. Einstein could not possibly be omitted from any list of fourteen of the leading scientists of all time. We have, therefore, bowed to the opinion of the colleagues of Dr. Einstein in the realm of science and have included him in the composition. His statue is the one immediately above the symbolic figure representing the ninth commandment at the right hand base of the Arch of Scientists.

It is our hope that as time goes on the friends who come and go in and out of the building and the passers-by will come to think of these figures in stone in terms of the contributions they have made in their day and generation to the eternal good of mankind. We have placed them here because we have found their unmistakable trail in the pathway along which we, pilgrims of a later day, are traveling. We would not have found this path had not they passed this way before us.

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The Little Gate To God.

In the castle of my soul
Is a little postern gate,
Whereat, when I enter,
I am in the presence of God.
In a moment, in the turning of a thought,
I am where God is.
This is a fact.

When I enter into God,
All life has a meaning.
Without asking I know;
My desires are even now fulfilled,
My fever is gone
In the great quiet of God.
My troubles are but pebbles on the road.
My joys are like the everlasting hills.

So it is when my soul steps through the
postern gate
Into the presence of God.
Big things become small, and small things
become great.
The near becomes far, and the future is
near.
The lowly and despised is shot through
with glory.

God is the substance of all revolutions;
When I am in Him, I am in the Kingdom
of God
And in the Fatherland of my Soul.

Walter Rauschenbusch